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# A Song o' the West



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# A Song o' The West

Dedicated  
to  
My Husband

PS 3531

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## A Song o' the West

**O** THE land of the west is the land for me,  
Where the sweet pine smell from the tall pine tree  
Floats on the soft air, salt from the sea.



Where the mountain streamlets, icy cold  
Leap down mountains, bursting bold  
Thru gorge and canyon centuries old.



Where the forests stretch in endless tracts  
And the rhythmic ring of the woodman's axe  
Blends with the roar of the cataracts.



O, the land o' the west is the land for me  
Where life is abundant, and full and free,  
And a man may be what he wills to be.



And many a man with a wounded heart  
Poisoned and hurt by the world's keen dart  
Finds the impulse here for a fresh clean start.



For there's hope in the air and hope on the breeze,  
And promise in every bud on the trees,  
Promise and hope, and more than these.



Here a man must think and a man must feel  
For the wildness woos with a strange appeal,  
God's handiwork Divine and Real.



## The Indian

**S**ILENT and morose is he  
And on his broad, dark face  
There rests a grim and listless look  
Of a proud and conquered race.

o o

The hands that once were wont to grasp  
The tomahawk and knife  
And seek with cunning stealth to take  
The intruding white man's life,

o o

Now old have grown and lost thier strength;  
Alone, he sits and dreams  
Of brave and teepee, war and dance,  
Of sparkling lakes and streams;

o o

Of mile on mile of forest land,  
Among whose depths at will,  
The wild game roamed—the bear and deer—  
Then his to hunt and kill.

(Continued)





As memories awoke there came  
Into his faded eye  
A gleam of pride. His skill had won  
A name in days gone by,



When out upon the purple plains,  
The gallant buffalo  
Fell beneath the unerring aim  
Of his deadly dart and bow.



For who could send a farther dart,  
Or one more true than he?  
Wiest and bravest of his tribe  
Was he not known to be?



Ah, sweet those days, but past and gone.  
Few of his tribe remain,  
And into his sullen, somber eyes  
Crept back a calm disdain.



No more the war paint might adorn  
His swarthy cheek and brow.  
The land the Redman loved so long  
Is ruled by white man now.



## My Dream Home

**M**Y DREAM HOME lies in a sheltered nook  
Where the sea breeze finds its way,  
Where the giant fern and evergreen  
Hold undisputed sway.

○ ○  
Its sweeping lines are broad and low,  
And the casements open wide  
To let the warmth and sunshine in,  
Where my Love and I abide.

○ ○  
The roses grow by the garden walk  
Ah, roses are everywhere,  
Clambering high o'er roof and bower  
A glory of color fair.

○ ○  
Ah, roses and love and sunshine,  
Are the summer's happy dower.  
The yellowed leaf and the berry,  
For the Autumn's golden hour.

○ ○  
But listen! The Winter's coming!  
Shut fast the casement door!  
Let the pine logs burn and snap and crack  
To drown the breakers' roar!

○ ○  
And it seems, as the glad sweet warmth  
Steals thru the shadowed room  
It quiets our senses and hearts  
Like the breath of a deep perfume.

○ ○  
With our cares shut out in the darkness  
There's love and content inside,  
And a boundless peace in this dream home  
Where my Love and I abide.



## Our Yesterdays

**A**H, the time slips by. Each setting sun  
Adds to our yesterdays, one by one

That long, thin, wavering line of day  
Stretching back thru the mystic haz

Of the Shadowy Past—so dim and pale  
Like pallid ghosts beneath a veil.

With now and then a day in red  
To mark perhaps some dread blood shed

Or deed or strife or struggle bold.  
And here and there a day in gold

Glowing and shining,—a signal light  
To guide our memories to some fight  
Where Wrong was overcome by Right.

But what is this? Can this be mine—  
This slender portion of the line?

Ah yes, that small ghost, shivering, gray  
Marks my wintry first birthday.

(Continued)



But where, oh where are my days of gold ?  
My line looks weak, and blue, and cold.



Have I refused to love and aid  
The stricken at my doorstep laid ?



Have I withheld the "widow's mite"  
Which should have gained one signal light ?



Have I buried the talent the Master gave  
And endangered the soul His Son would save ?



Ah, woe is me ! What shall I say  
When account is made of each Yesterday ?



What shall I render the Giver of Good  
For His love and care ? O God, if I could



But redeem in a measure the wrong I've done,  
And send my days with each setting sun,



Into the Past, with a golden hue  
To glow and shine the long years thru,



Lights to Thine everlasting praise—  
In the long thin line of Yesterdays.





## O Western Land

**I**T is to Thee, O Western Land  
That God hath dealt with generous hand.  
The Maker of Heaven and Earth and Air,  
Giving thy portion, knew not to spare  
The richest of soil, gave he to thee,  
So wondrous in its fertility.  
The densest of woods, the fairest plains,  
The broadest of streams, the softest rains,  
The ore-choked mountains stretching high  
Their snow-capped summits to the sky.  
Ah, who can say what the land may hold  
For Builder of Country or Getter of Gold?  
Resource and power beyond our dreams  
Are here to grapple with Brain and Schemes  
Latent for ages—awake at last !  
Thy Future assured, thy slumbers past !



## When Love Comes In

**W**HEN Love comes into this life of ours,  
With its mellow, softening art,  
It thrills and warms with a touch divine  
And builds for itself a golden shrine  
In the depths of every heart.

Upon this shrine sits Love enthroned,  
And rules with gracious sway  
Our inmost thots, our words or deeds,  
Our every impulse, desires or needs,  
Forever and ever and aye.

All willing subjects—every one  
We bow before her eyes

Ashamed to think or feel or do  
A thing that Love declares untrue  
To the best that in us lies.

Love puts a smile upon our lips  
And in our hearts a song;  
A song of thanks to God above  
For giving us this wondrous love  
So tender and so strong.

Love bids us kindly deal with him  
Whom sin has led astray,  
Whose walk thru life has ever known  
A path more rugged than our own  
With fewer roses by the way.

And when our storm of grief is come,  
Its shadow overcast,  
So tenderly as with a child,  
Love soothes with Love the tempest wild  
Until the clouds are passed.



## Autumn

**O** IT'S now's the time of year I like the best,  
When things seem sorta settling down to rest,  
And breathe a spell before the Fall sets in,  
And frost and cold their winter's work begin.

The first dead locust leaves have drifted down,  
The maple trees are turning red and brown,  
And Nature everywhere in colors bold  
Is changing Summer's green for Autumn's gold.

The soft wind thru the corn tops rustles low,  
Between the rows the glowing pumpkins glow.  
With hints of pies and all the tempting things  
That every glad Thanksgiving season brings.

Each season with a charm hath been endowed;  
The Winter with its white low-hanging cloud,  
That wraps the distant hills and vales below  
In a winter cloak of softly gleaming snow.

The Spring when all the bursting buds and roots  
In eager clamorous haste put forth their shoots,  
And from the cold, hard earth come peeping up,  
With here a violet—there a buttercup.

And Summer next with skies of azure blue,  
And fragrant roses smiling back at you.  
The mellow sunshine, and the deep cool shade—  
The time when fervent bridal vows are made.

Ah, each is vibrant with a charm its own  
And yet to me the Autumn months alone  
Invites a peaceful rest to tired souls  
Like calm still waters after storm and shoals.

For like a dream a golden memory  
Comes drifting from that Autumn down to me.  
Ah, none but golden thots those years unfold  
And none but golden hopes my future holds.



## The Wilful Wife

**P**OUTING lips and downcast eye,  
Hurled feelings! My, O my!  
But there, you know she's only hoaxing  
What she wants is love and coaxing,  
A single tribute to her pride,  
A honied flatter, bravely lied.

o o

Pouting lips and downcast eye,  
Hurled feelings! My, O my!  
She'll acknowledge no command,  
She will brook no rough demand.—  
But—in whispers I confess  
That a single, soft caress  
Wins her over, right or wrong—  
She had meant to all along.





## An Echo

**O**FT times there swells within my heart  
A song which thrills me thru and thru;  
And yet alas, I lack the art  
To put into words for you.

o o

I cannot tell from whence it springs,  
'Tis more than merely rythmic sound;  
Perchance the song Love only sings  
An echo in my heart hath found.

o o

I only know it comes to me  
With now the carol of a bird;  
Again within its melody  
The whisperings of a prayer I've heard.

o o

And so I can but grateful be--  
That out of all the waiting throng  
Love has chosen unworthy me  
To keep the echo of her song.



## The Everyday Life

'TIS not what we do so often,  
As the way in which things are done,  
That counts in the help we give others,  
And friendships are lost or won.



'Tis not what we say so often,  
As the tone which we employ—  
Which brings to the face of loved ones  
A look of pain or of joy.



O, then let me be more careful  
Of my manner in speech and deed,  
And be just a little bit gentler  
In the every-day life I lead.



## Hope

**T**HERE are hopes we dare not utter,  
There are thots we cannot tell,  
And in the heart a-flutter,  
Rosy dreams forever dwell.



Tho the daily life expresses  
Naught but commonplace and bald;  
Tho the cherished soul-recesses  
Thickly 'round about are walled.



Still within the heart existing,  
Like a flower shadow-grown;  
Fragile lives the hope persisting,  
We may come into our own.



## Night and Day

**T**HE night is for dreams, when the stars come out  
One by one in the purple dome,  
And the moon's slim crescent threads her way,  
Thru the night clouds fleecy foam.



The night is for dreams—dreams of youth and love,  
And the building of castles bright;  
For the plighting of vows, and a lover's kiss,  
For laughter, and music, and light.



The day is for work, when the sun comes up  
From his bed in the mystic East,  
For the toil of hands and the sweat of brow,  
For the labor of man and beast.



The day is for work with the mind and soul,  
For hearty good will and cheer,  
And strong, sturdy blows at the barriers, Fate  
Has placed in our pathway here.



So night and day, tho like world's apart,  
Have each their own place in life.  
And thru it all, Love, like a magic drop  
Ennobles and sweetens the strife.





## My Prayer

**I** ONLY ask thru years to come  
That thou wouldst be  
Just near to me.  
The glamour of wealth may be for some—  
But for my lot  
Some quiet spot  
That we can love and call our home.



I only ask that thou wouldst pour  
Into my ears  
Thru all the years,  
Thy love avowals o'er and o'er;  
Ah, just to know  
Thru weal or woe,  
Thou dost but love me yet the more.



I only ask—I ask and pray—  
That I in turn  
My blessings earn  
By giving freely, day by day  
From out my share  
Of love, a care  
For those unloved ones by the way.





## Rain and Sun

**W**HAT tho the rain drops beat and beat,  
Aslant 'gainst my window pane,  
And with anxious eyes I search the skies  
For a bit of blue in vain.



What tho the plans of today are spoiled,  
And the things I meant to do  
Must go undone, till another sun  
Shines out from a smiling blue.



If the day be bleak without my door  
Then all the more reason I  
Must smile and be gay and charm away  
The blue imps that hover nigh.



What tho the storms of doubt do beat  
With a force I cannot shun,-  
And I know not what may be my lot  
With tomorrow's setting sun.



If my soul is sick with heavy dread,  
Then all the more reason I,  
With a smiling cheer must hide the fear  
That deep in my heart doth lie.



For the Power that rules the rain and sun  
Is a Power Omnipotent,  
And every care that is mine to bear  
For my own best good is sent.





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